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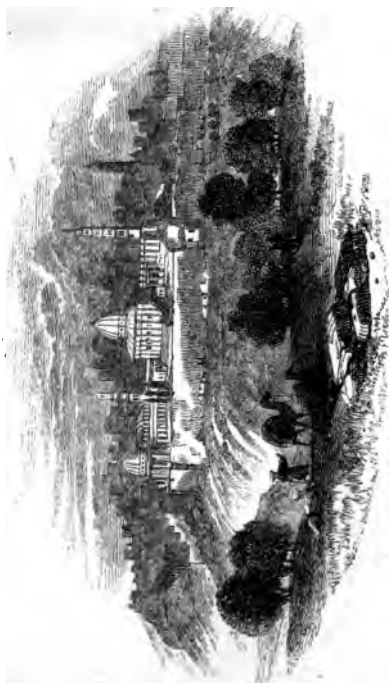


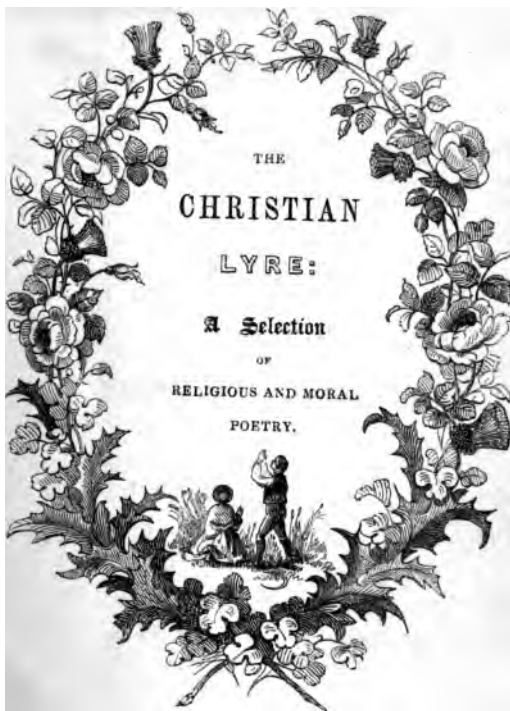




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THE
CHRISTIAN LYRE:

A Selection

OF

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL

POETRY.

LONDON:

**B. WERTHEIM, ALDINE CHAMBERS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.**

1846.



1345.



**MACINTOSH, PRINTER,
GREAT NEW-STREET, LONDON.**



MAY I, by thy celestial guidance led,
Fix deep in my own heart the truths I teach!
In my own life transcribe whate'er of good
To others I propose! and by thy rule
Correct the irregular, reform the wrong,
Exalt the low, and brighten the obscure!
Still may I note how all the agreeing parts
Of this consummate system join to frame
One fair, one finished, one harmonious whole:
Trace the close links which form the perfect
chain
In beautiful connexion: mark the scale
Whose nice gradations, with progression true,
For ever rising, end in DEITY!

H. MORE.





THE CHRISTIAN LYRE.

THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

'Tis sweet to muse upon the skill displayed
(Infinite skill) in all that God has made!
To trace in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power Divine,
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees.
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers poured at his command
From urns that never fail through every land;
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course,
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales,
Seas on which every nation spreads her sails,
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink
light,
The crescent moon, the diadem of night,
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space,—

At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
These are thy glorious works, thou source of
good,

How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy power divine and bounty beyond thought,
Adored and praised in all that thou hast
wrought;

Absorbed in that immensity I see,
I shrink abased, and yet aspire to thee;
Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day,
Thy words, more clearly than thy works display,
That while thy truths my grosser thoughts
refine,

I may resemble thee, and call thee mine.

COWPER.

SEEING GOD IN HIS WORKS.

Does not that sun, whose cheering beams impart
Joy's glad emotions to the pure in heart,—
Does not that vivid power teach every mind
To be as warm, benevolent, and kind;
To burn with unremitted ardour still—
Like him, to execute their Maker's will?

Then let us, Power Supreme ! thy will adore,
Invoke thy mercies, and proclaim thy power.
Shalt thou thy benefits in vain bestow ?
Shall we forget the fountain whence they flow ?
Teach us through these to lift our hearts to thee,
And in the gift the bounteous Giver see :
To view thee as thou art, all good and wise,
Nor let thy blessings hide thee from our eyes.

H. MORE.

GOD IS LOVE.

WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell ;
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the seried clouds dispel ;
And the sun-flower, eastward bending,
Its fidelity to prove,—
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is Love !

When the vesper star is beaming
In the coronet of even ;
And lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven ;
When a thousand notes are blending
In the forest and the grove,—
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is Love !

4.

A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

When the stars appear in millions
In the portals of the west,
Bespangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest;
When the milky way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,—
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto Him whose name is Love! VEDDER.

A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

SOFT slumbers now my eyes forsake,
My powers are all renewed;
May my freed spirit, too, awake
With heavenly strength endued!
Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and passed in pain
What treasures would they give?
But seas of pearl, and mines of gold,
Were offered then in vain;
Their pearl of countless price is lost,
And where's the promised gain?
Lord, teach me now each good to prize,
I, dying, shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise
I then shall worthless deem! H. MORE.

HEAVENLY INSPIRATION.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If thou the Spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self no good can feel.
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
Unless thou show to us thine own true way,
No man can find it. Father! thou must lead.
Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my
mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

O THOU! who taught my infant eye
To pierce the air and view the sky ;
To see my God in earth and seas ;
To hear him in the vernal breeze ;
To know him midnight thoughts among ;
Oh, guide my soul, and aid my song !
Spirit of light! do thou impart
Majestic truths, and teach my heart ;

Teach me to know how weak I am,
How vain my powers, how poor my frame;
Teach me celestial paths untrod,—
The ways of glory and of God!

CRABBE.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with
God;
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
road,
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy
head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
Acquaint thee, O mortal! acquaint thee with
God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are
abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

KNOX.

TRUE LIBERTY.

THERE is a heavenly liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,

Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the power
Of earth and hell confederate take away;
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.—
'Tis liberty of heart derived from God,
Bought with his blood who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
And are august, but this transcends them all.
COWPER.

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

THOU art the Way, and he who sighs,
Amid this cheerless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
In thee the light of heaven shall know.

Thou art the Truth, whose steady day,
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray;
The lamp that shines beyond the tomb.

8 THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROSS.

Thou art the Life, the blessed well,
With living water gushing o'er,
Which those who drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and death are known no more.
AMERICAN.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CROSS.

ALL graces which adorn the mind,
An ardent love, a will resigned;
A lamb-like meekness, conscience clean,
A patience humble and serene:
Obedience, constant and sincere,
Undaunted courage, filial fear:

Large charity, a temper sweet,
All men like brethren prone to treat;
Devotion fixed, a zeal right-aimed;
Self-sacrificed, all passions tamed,
I, with all these and numerous more,
From Jesus Christ, myself may store.

All praise to the incarnate God,
Who, for my sake, the wine-press trod;
Who, in pure boundless love, inclined
To give his life for lapsed mankind.
Who miseries immense endured,
That I might live from all secured.

BISHOP KEN.

WHAT IS THY HOPE?

WHAT is thy hope?—Oh, if to the earth,
Like the grovelling vine, it clings,
Nor shoots one aspiring tendril forth
In search after higher things;
In vain is it nurtured with ceaseless toil,
Confined to the cold world's ungenial soil;
Each prop that supports it must perish, and all
Its buds of fair promise unopened fall.
Alas! for the hopes that are nourished here,
'Midst the storms of earth's changeful atmosphere.

Say, what is thy hope? Dost thou pursue
Of pleasure the giddy round,
With the phantom of happiness ever in view,
Where true happiness never was found?
Oh, plunge not in search after bliss supreme,
'Midst the whirlpool of pleasure's polluted
stream;
Amidst her mad orgies thou never cans't find
Joys worth the pursuit of a rational mind;
Oh, fly her seductions, resist her control,
She poisons, debases, and ruins the soul.

But what is thy hope? Dost thou pant to find
Of riches a treasure untold?

Thou never canst purchase peace of mind
Nor a length of days with gold.
It procures no exemption from worldly woe,
Nor will death for a bribe his prey forego;
Though thou hoard up wealth, and "add field
to field,"
No advantage in death will thy treasures yield,
Thou must leave thy possessions to other men,
And where will thy hope and thy soul be
then?

Then what is thy hope? Consider how high
Is thy destiny; think on the worth
Of a soul that is born for eternity
Though it sojourns awhile upon earth.
Oh! why are the views of immortals confined
To narrower limits than heaven assigned?
Why, when formed to exist in a happier sphere,
Should we bury our expectations here;
And vainly seek for substantial good
In a world of unceasing vicissitude?

What is thy hope? Will it stand the test
Of nature's expiring hour?
Like armour of proof, will it shield thy breast
Against the grim tyrant's power?
Will it gladden thy soul, and dispel the gloom,
The horror of darkness that veils the tomb,

When the damps of death to thy brow shall start,
And the life-blood ebbs from thy freezing heart?
Away with it else!—it is worse than vain
To cherish a hope that shall fail thee then.

But hope thou in God! To a dying hour
This hope sweet assurance brings,
When worldly preferments, and wealth, and
power,

Shall all be forgotten things.

Aye, hope thou in God, though a feeble worm,
And thy soul shall be safe, and thy confidence
firm;

Thou shall traverse in triumph the gloomy abyss
Which divides the eternal world from this,
And consigning in hope thy frail flesh to the sod,
Thy soul shall ascend to thy Saviour and God.

TO THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, manhood, age, that draws us to the
ground,
And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years :
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain ; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart ;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken
heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown ; to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
Love that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death :

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered ;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared :

Thine for a space are they,
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable past !

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words,—remembered voices, once so
sweet,—

Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat;—

All shall come back : each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall evil die,
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

BRYANT.

TIME.

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle, so stern and grey ?

Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?
"Know'st thou not me?" the deep voice cried,
So long enjoyed, so oft misused;
Alternate is thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?
"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away:
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief
While in my glass the sand grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief
When time and thou shall part for ever!"

SIR W. SCOTT.

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS.

CHILDREN of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of thy shadowy hours,
When dark blue heavens look softest and most
holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers;
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit haunted sleep,
To thoughts all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!

Ye from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined,
Till the mild moon on high serenely failing,
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind :
So doth love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought which glows
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
But send forth odours with the faint soft voices
Rising from hidden streams when all is still :
So doth lone prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE THREE MANSIONS.

"O HOMELESS and unsheltered head!"
Desponding pilgrim, weep not so,
Three mansions are before you spread—
To one you *must*, to all *may* go.
Each offers freely, and has room
For all earth's travellers, rich and poor ;

16 SHALL WE MOURN FOR THE DEAD?

The house of God, his heaven, the tomb,
Have each for all an open door.

Go lowly to the house of prayer,
With stedfast faith and contrite breast;
Then shall the narrow house prepare
For weary limbs a welcome rest.

Cherish the three in daily thought,—
The house of God, the grave, and heaven,
And all by sin and sorrow wrought
Shall pass away and be forgiven.

MRS. C. E. RICHARDSON.

SHALL WE MOURN FOR THE DEAD?

SHALL we mourn for the dead, shall we sorrow
for those

Who are called from their mansions of clay,
Who have done with the world, its trials and
woes,

And its joys, blooming but to decay?

Yes, yes, we will mourn if the hope be withheld
That a fitness for death hath been given;
If their views were confined to the things they
beheld,

And rarely looked onward to heaven.

But if it were theirs on the hope to lay hold
That in Jesus is offered to all,
For ourselves we may weep as the clay we
behold,
But for them not a tear-drop shall fall.

THE SOUL.

WHAT is the soul? It may not be
A light which chance hath waked to birth;
Nor is that power Necessity,
The mother of the earth.
Philosophy in vain may teach
That Nature formed this glorious whole
In worlds which science cannot reach;—
“God!—God made man a living soul!”

What is the soul? a deathless ray,—
A gift of that immortal hand
Which from blind chaos struck the day,
And held, unpoised, the sea and land,
And o'er the world shed beauty rife:
Who gave sublimity its might,
Who waked the planets into life,
And bowed the starry globe of night.

From stern Necessity call *grace*—
Call *order* from the dreams of chance—

Bid your material god replace
The heavenly fountain we advance :
The seasons would return no more,
The erring planets lose their track,
Confusion stalk from shore to shore,
And ruin shout to chaos back.

Can knowledge, then, oppress the brain,
O'erload the reason's glorious might ;
Imagination's wing restrain,
And blind our intellectual sight ?
No : the rivers of the world combined,
Have never filled the boundless sea ;
And what is ocean to the mind ?—
Like time unto eternity !

Not knowledge hath debased the sense,
But *vice*, that, even in our youth,
Saith to religion's light, Go hence !
I will not, dare not, know the truth !
If I deceive myself, 'tis well,—
Let me live on, and still deceive ;
If sinners tread the brink of hell,
'Twere death to tremble and believe !

O God, the Father of the soul !
O Jesus, Saviour of the world !
Spread knowledge, then, from pole to pole,
Be faith's bright banner wide unfurled.

For whatsoe'er the soul may be,
Or wheresoe'er the soul may dwell,
To live for immortality
Is better than to live for hell!

C. SWAIN.

A WINTER EVENING.

THE bright and glowing summer's past;
'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
The day was darkened; now at last
The sun appears again—
Just for a moment glads our sight,
And seen midst clouds, seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards; once again
Behold the wintry sun hath set;
None of the summer barques remain;
A nobler image yet
Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind,
And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
Has been since first his course began,
'Through storms and clouds seems to our glance
A fitting type of man;
For thus the Christian's narrow way
With clouds is darkened day by day.

20 MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

Thus as the sun in winter's gloom
Sinks more than ever bright,
The Christian's hopes his way illumine,
And gild his path with light :
As the sun sets the Christian dies,
Both on a brighter, happier day to rise.

SHARP.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

WHAT is this body?—fragile, frail,
As vegetation's tenderest leaf,
Transient as April's fitful gale,
And as the flashing meteor brief.
What is this soul?—eternal mind,
Unlimited as thought's vast range;
By grovelling matter unconfined,
The same, while states and empires change.

When long this miserable frame
Has vanished from life's busy scene,
This earth shall roll, that sun shall flame,
As though this dust had never been.

When suns have waned, and worlds sublime,
Their final revolutions told,
This soul shall triumph over time
As though such orbs had never rolled.

OSBORNE.

CALVARY.

O GROANING Calvary! on thee shine forth
The noblest truths; there strongest motives
 sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There nothing but compulsion is forborn.
Can love allure us, or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
 shakes.
JESUS, my inspiration and my crown!
My strength in age, my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth,—my
 world!
My light in darkness, and my life in death!
My boast through time, bliss through eternity!
Eternity's too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

YOUNG.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

SOLDIER, go! but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.

Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes ;—
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through :
Close behind thee gulfs are burning,—
Forward ! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest !—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow :
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking,
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep as on the battle field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield :
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise !—the war is done ;
Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying ;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won,—
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory ;

Hark ! what songs of rapture rise,
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown ;
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished !

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHARACTER AND PRIVILEGE.

HONOUR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise ;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days !

A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows ;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face ;
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above :
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love.

COWPER.

24 THE SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part
However hard it be :
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closely to the dust.

Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell !
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell :
Ye cherished joys of early years,—
Saviour ! forgive these parting tears.

O, may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth
With thee, my Lord, compare !
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.
JANE TAYLOR.

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

OH, how unlike the complex works of man
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan !

No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile,
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands, like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,—
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickenings words, BELIEVE AND
LIVE.

Too many, shocked at what should charm them
most,
Despise the plain direction and are lost.
Heaven on such terms! they cry with proud
disdain,
Incredible, impossible, and vain!—
Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey,
And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious sway.
COWPER.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of thee!
I feel thee in the gloom of night,
I see thee in the morning light.

When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;

Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest ;
Soon as the Comforter appears,
My sighs are hushed, and dried my tears.

Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thy arm upholds, thy power protects ;
With thee, when I at dawn converse,
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse.

Then, as the sun illumines the skies,
Oh, Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Dispel the fogs of mental night,
Being of beings ! Light of light !

H. MORE.

CREATION.

ALMIGHTY God ! thy power we sing,
And to thy goodness tribute bring
For all thy works of love ;
Thy wisdom crowns thy boundless might,
And kindness brings thy truth to light,
As clear as orbs above.

The universe thy greatness shows,
And endless space thy presence knows,
O wondrous, glorious God !

Thy finger marks the comet's sphere,
And countless orbs in full career
Pursue their various road.

Nor less the wonders of thine hand
Which, nearer viewed, our souls command,
For grandeur shines in all;
The lightning's glare, the foaming deep,
The whirlwind's blast, the craggy steep,
Our trembling frames appal.

And wandering through this globe of earth
On which unnumbered tribes have birth
In quick succession round,
We stop to gaze, but soon are lost
On seas of power creative tossed—
The power without a bound.

How full the earth, and sea, and air!
How great thy love! what constant care
Of all the host is shown;
On great and small thy bounty flows,
And all creation richly glows
With goodness all thine own.

THE SPIRITS OF JUST MEN MADE
PERFECT.

THERE is a dwelling-house above,
Thither to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go.
There is a paradise of rest,
For contrite hearts and souls distressed
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage,—
The meek that haven gain.
There is a board where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true,
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart.
There is a sight from man concealed,
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the poor in heart.

These are the saints, the holy ones,
For whom the Saviour's blood atones ;
Who, by his Spirit sealed,
His call, with willing mind, obey ;
In whom the Father will display
The bliss to be revealed.

Lord, be it mine, like them, to choose
The better part; like them to use
The means thy love hath given :
Be holiness my aim on earth
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven !

BISHOP MANT.

GOD THE HEARER OF PRAYER.

WHEN morn awakes our hearts
To form the early prayer ;
When toil-worn day departs,
And gives a pause to care ;
When those our soul loves best
Kneel with us in thy fear,
To ask thy peace and rest—
Our God, our Father, hear !

When worldly snares without,
And evil thoughts within,
Of grace would raise a doubt,
Or lure us back to sin ;
When human strength proves frail,
And will but half sincere,
When faith begins to fail—
Our God, our Father, hear !

When in our cup of mirth
The drop of trembling falls,
And the frail props of earth
Are crumbling round our walls;
When back we gaze with grief,
And forward glance with fear;
When faileth man's relief—
Our God, our Father, hear!

And when death's awful hand
Unbars the gates of time,
Eternity's dim hand
Disclosing, dread, sublime;
When flesh and spirit quake
Before THEE to appear—
O then, for Jesus' sake,
Our God, our Father, hear!

PRINGLE.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THESE few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? they are the last!
The last! the last! the last!

Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends);
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who, but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

Oh, precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath,
I leave the summer rose:—
For younger, blither brows
Tell me of change and death.

MISS C. BOWLES.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Is all in order set, my house, my heart?
Does not besetting sin still claim a part?
No cherished error, loth to quit its place,
Obstruct within my soul the work of grace?
Did I each day for the great day prepare
By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing prayer?
Did I, each night, each day's offence repent,
And each unholy thought and word lament?
Still have these ready hands the afflicted fed,
And ministered to Want her daily bread?
Did I, to gratify some sudden gust
Of thoughtless appetite, some impious lust
Of pleasure or of power, such sums employ
As would have flushed pale penury with joy?
Did my firm faith to heaven still point the way?
Did charity to man my actions sway?
Did I unjustly seek to build my name
On the piled ruins of another's fame?

Did my fixed soul the impious wit detest?
Did my firm virtue scorn th' unhallowed jest,
The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule
Of shallow infidelity's dull school?
Did I still live as born one day to die,
And view th' eternal world with constant eye?
If so I lived,—if so I kept thy word,
In mercy view—in mercy hear me, Lord;
For oh, how strict soe'er I kept thy law,
From mercy only all my hopes I draw;
My holiest deeds indulgence will require,—
The best but to forgiveness will aspire;
If thou my purest services regard,
'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.

H. MORE.

HEAVENLY DIRECTION.

LORD, when heavenly dews distil,
When my hopes are bright and clear,
When I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when thou art near.

When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,

D

When its pleasures I pursue,
Then a look of pity dart;
Teach me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart.

When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Clear my doubts, allay my fears,
Light me through the dreary way;
Chase the shadows,
Usher in eternal day. JANE TAYLOR.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer; for the morning breaks,
And earth her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer; for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on,
Like a curtain from Heaven's kind hand it
flows,
To shade the couch where the weary repose;
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian
of night.

To prayer; for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Lord who burst the tomb;
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

H. WARE, JUN.

• HEAVENLY BLESSINGS.

THERE is a calm the poor in spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distress.

There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers threaten and when troubles
 lower.—

That calm to faith, and hope, and love, is given;
That peace remains when all beside is riven,
That light shines down to man direct from
 heaven.

EDMESTON.

SUPPORT IN TROUBLE.

OH God! that madest earth and sky, the dark-
 ness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family, and help us while
 we pray;

For wide the waves of bitterness around our
vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart, to view the
rocky shore.

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we
fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and
courage to despair;
Then mercy to our failings, Lord, our sinking
faith renew,
And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy
patience too! BISHOP HEBER.

HOLY JOY.

Joy to the followers of the Lord!
Thus saith the sure, the eternal Word,
Not of earth the joy it brings
Tempered in celestial springs.

'Tis the joy of pardoned sin,
When conscience cries, 'Tis well within;
'Tis the joy that fills the breast
When the passions sink to rest.

'Tis a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;

It spreads itself in holy deeds,
With sorrow sighs, in pity bleeds.

'Tis joy e'en here! a budding flower,
Struggling with snows, and storm, and shower;
And waits the moment to expand,
Transplanted to its native land.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE MORNING HOUR.

THE cool and fragrant hour of morn,
Unyexed by life's intrusive care,
My hour of grateful praise shall be,
Sweet, solitary, praise and prayer.

'Twill gird my spirit for the fight,
The glare, the strife, of this world's way:
Weak, tempted, weary, lone, or sad,
'Tis never, never vain to pray.

Ere falls the stealing step of dawn,
The night's soft dew upon her wings,
Up riseth from her nest the lark,
And soaring to the sunlight, sings.

Thus may my soul sing on and soar
Above the world, beyond all time,
And dwell in heaven's pure light, and breathe
The air of that celestial clime.

AMERICAN.

SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord,
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken sabbaths sing the charms!
Mine be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGH

THE RACE.

THE heart is fixed, and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race;
The Lord is strong, and I rely
On his assisting grace.

Race for the swift—it must be run ;
A prize laid up—it must be won.

And I have tarried longer now,
 (Pleased with the scenes of time,)
Than fitteth those who hope to go
 To heaven, that holy clime ;
Who hope to pluck the fruit which grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth !—oh how
 It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
 And stayed the purpose high ;
And how these feet have gone astray
That should have walked the narrow way.

Race for the swift—I must away,
 With footsteps firm and free ;
Ye pleasures that invite my stay,
 And cares are nought to me.
For lo ! it gleameth on my eye—
The glory of that upper sky.

“A prize laid up ;” said he who fought
 That holy fight of old,
“Laid up in heaven for me, yet not
 For me alone that crown of gold,
But all who wait till thou appear,
Saviour, that diadem shall wear !”

Patiently wait—so help thou me,
O meek and holy One!
That dim although the vision be,
The race I still may run;
This eye thus lifted to the skies,
This heart thus burning for the prize.

THE FAITHFUL WORSHIPPER.

LORD, who may dare adore thee,
Within thy holy place,
What mortal seek thy face,
And offer prayer before thee?
When angel hearts in thy great presence bow,
And veil the radiant eye, and bend the uncrowned brow!

The man who humbly seeketh
To guard his steps from wrong,
Nor slandereth with his tongue,
Nor word of falsehood speaketh.
To sacred truth, whose heart is wedded so,
He followeth and loveth her through weal and woe.

Who grieveth not another,
For hope of lawless gain,
But doth the cause maintain
Of each oppressed brother.
His friends are thine; thy favour is his all,
And firmly resting on thy word he shall not fail.

ON HEARING A CLOCK STRIKE.

KNELL of departed years,
Thy voice is sweet to me ;
It wakes no sad foreboding fears,
Calls forth no sympathetic tears
Time's restless course to see ;
From hallowed ground
I hear the sound,
Diffusing through the air a holy calm around.

Thou art the voice of LOVE,
To chide each doubt away ;
And as the murmur faintly dies,
Visions of past enjoyment rise
In long and bright array :
I hail the sign
That love divine
Will o'er my future path in cloudless mercy
shine.

Thou art the voice of HOPE,
The music of the spheres,—
A song of blessings yet to come,
A herald from my future home,
My soul delighted hears :
By sin deceived,
By nature grieved,
Still am I nearer rest than when I first believed

Thou art the voice of LIFE :
A sound which seems to say,
"O prisoner in this gloomy vale,
Thy flesh shall faint, thy heart shall fail ;
Yet fairer scenes thy spirit hail
That cannot pass away :
Here grief and pain
Thy steps detain ;
There in the image of the Lord shalt thou with
Jesus reign."

SECRET WORSHIP.

WOULDEST thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour ?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

Sweeter songs than poets sing
Thou shalt for thy offering bring,—
The unuttered hymn that dwells
In devotion's deepest cells.

Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign
In that realm of quiet thought
Where the passions trouble not.

And that living temple, where
Peace and hope and silence are,
Is the sacred citadel
Where the Father loves to dwell.

Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to the Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul may learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

BOWRING.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

THY neighbour? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left,—
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
Go thou and pity him.

O pass not, pass not heedless by—
Perhaps thou canst redeem
One breaking heart from misery,—
Go share thy lot with him.

AMERICAN.

THE TRAVELLERS TO EMMAUS.

It happened on a solemn eventide
Soon after he that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event;
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him,
one
Sent to do more than he appeared to have done,
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A Stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,

And asked them with a kind, engaging air
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, The night, they said, is
near,

We must not now be parted, sojourn here.—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast;
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way?—
Now, theirs was converse such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves :
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope :
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt as their desires were true,
To spread the new-born glories to their view.

COWPER.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the cross of Christ I glory !
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo, it grows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

BOWRING

REDEEMING LOVE.

REDEEMING LOVE.

MARK where the wave, at eventide,
In seeming slumber lies ;
Mark how its glassy face reflects
The richly-painted skies.

So, when redeeming love has soothed
Man's stormy soul to rest ;
No more by raging passion tossed
By anxious sorrow pressed.

Cold and unstable in himself,
As yonder changeful waves ;
His bosom still reflects to heaven
The image it receives.

He feels a love, by love inspired,
Returning whence it came,
That can surrender all for One
Who left so much for him.

Patience, forbearance, gentleness,
The offspring all of heaven,
Such as befit a contrite soul,
Mindful of sins forgiven.

These, and whatever else may seem
Most beautiful, most fair,
Serenely beaming on the soul
Will trace their image there.

. CAROLINE

THE VANITIES OF EARTH.

WHAT is this passing scene ?
A feverish April day !
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away :
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the
dust.

O, what is beauty's power ?
It flourishes and dies ;
Will the cold earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies ?
Mute—mute is all
O'er beauty's fall ;
Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in
her pall !

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to day ;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in the dreary tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since the world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat ?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart be still ?

H. KIRKE WHITE.

THE DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

THE shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity !
How-comet-like ! it threatens while it shines !
Few years but yield us proofs of death's am-
bition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloomed with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye :
When fortune thus has tossed her child in air,
Snatched from the covert of a humble state,

50 THE SAFETY OF THE HUMBLE.

How often have I seen him dropped at once,
Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destined prey.
YOUNG.

THE SAFETY OF THE HUMBLE.

GREAT Lord of all things! Power divine!
Breathe on this erring heart of mine
Thy grace serene and pure;
Defend my frail, my erring youth,
And teach me this important truth—
The humble are secure!

Yon tower, which rears its head so high,
And bids defiance to the sky,
Invites the hostile winds:
Yon branching oak, extending wide,
Provokes destruction by its pride,
And courts the fall it finds.

Then let me shun th' ambitious deed,
And all the dangerous paths that lead
To honours falsely won:
Lord, in thy sure protection blest,
Submissive will I ever rest,
And may thy will be done!

H. MORI

THE LIGHT OF DIVINE GRACE.

As morning, with her early breeze,
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That in their furrows dark with night
Her hand may sow the seeds of light;

So grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before
And fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

THE VICTOR'S WREATH.

THE wreath that crowns the warrior's bier,
Or decks his glory-covered brow,
Too oft is sullied by the tear
That conquest's sword has taught to flow.

Some parent's groan, some orphan's cry,
With victory's brightest laurels twine;
Some broken-hearted mourner's sigh
Bids glory's chaplet blush to shine.

Not so the peaceful Christian's wreath :
Upon the chaplet wove for him,
No weeping mother's sigh shall breathe,
No widow's tear its beauty dim.

52 LINES FOR A PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

With rays far brighter and more pure
Than all the lustre fame has given
The warrior's deed, it shall endure,
And shine amidst the light of heaven.

LINES FOR A PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

SAY, shall the little ant with care and pain
Store in the earth her heaps of hoarded grain,
And make provision for the coming hour
When frosts shall pinch, and winter's skies
shall lower?

And shall not man, rejoicing in his prime,
Think that he, too, must have his wintry time,
When age, or wasting malady, shall dim
The eye, and palsy the once active limb?
Oh! let these insects teach thee to be wise,
And ere, with health and youth, thy vigour flies,
From what the Lord hath given thee, let thy
care

The means of future sustenance prepare.
Nor in the days of life and strength forget
The vast eternity before thee set.
Lay up for it,—for those true riches toil
Which rust shall not corrupt, nor robbers spoil.

R. W. KYLE.

REGARD TO THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

THERE is a plant that in its cell
All trembling seems to stand,
And bends its stalk, and folds its leaves
From the approaching hand :

And thus there is a conscious nerve
Within the human breast,
That from the rash and careless touch
Sinks and retires distress'd.

The conduct rude, the speech severe,
Will raise within the mind
A nameless thrill, a secret tear,
A torture undefined.

Oh! you who are by nature formed
Each thought refined to know,
Repress the word, the glance that wakes
That tender nerve to woe.

And be it still your joy to raise
The trembler from the shade,
To bind the broken, and to heal
The wound you never made.

Whene'er you see the feeling mind
Oh, let this care begin ;
And though the cell be ne'er so low,
Respect the guest within.

LYDIA HUNTLEY.

THE END OF LIFE.

LIFE has no value as an end, but means :
An end deplorable ! a means divine !
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing—worse than
nought,
A nest of pains : when held as nothing, much.
Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoyed
When courted least,—most worth when dis-
esteemed ;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace :
In prospect richer far : important ! awful !
Not to be mentioned but with shouts of praise !
Not to be thought on but with tides of joy !
The mighty basis of eternal bliss.

YOUNG.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

AH ! who can tell which hour may be his last ?
Perhaps *my* summons now is on its way :
Then let me rather muse upon the past,
Than count securely on the coming day.
Full many a ship that sailed at smiling morn,
Rich in her freight, and of her bravery vain,
'Midst changing skies, o'er raging billows borne,
Hath found, ere night, her grave beneath the
main.

Then let us seek a dwelling that will last,
Far, far above our mouldering house of clay,
That when this little life is gone and past,
Ours be the bliss that never shall decay.

Ere gentle sleep upon my eyelids fall,
To thee, O God, would I my soul resign :
For thy dear Son, forgive me when I call,
That if I live, or die, I may be thine.

T. B. MURRAY.

TO A PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

AH, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste !
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd is for ever near ;
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain ;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine.
So once in Gideon's fleece the dew were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

COWPER.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE.

THE insect that, with puny wing,
Just shoots along one summer ray ;

The flow'ret which the breath of spring
Wakes into life for half a day ;
The smallest mote, the tend'rest hair,
All feel our heavenly Father's care.

Ev'n from the glories of his throne
He stoops to view this earthly ball ;
Sees all, as if that all were one,—
Loves one, as if that one were all :
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lowly tears.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE.

WHENCE, but of heaven, could men unskilled
in arts,

In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths ? or how or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie ?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their choice.

DRYDEN.

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world ?—a wildering maze,
Where sin hath tracked a thousand ways
Her victims to ensnare ;

All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night;
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?
THE BIBLE!—he alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all who live,
Himself shall lose the way.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE FALLING LEAF.

SAD, but instructive emblem of decay!
To feverish hopes and slumbering fears addressed,
Thy pensive tale a moral has impressed,
That youth should read before the winter's day.
For come it must hereafter, and it may
Outstrip the mellowing year. Go to thy rest,
Pale beauty of the wood; no more caressed,

58 FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

No more to join the desolated spray !
Ev'n so man's leaf descends into the dust,
And falls to rise no more. But as the bough
At spring's return another leaf shall find,
And clothe itself again ; the good and just,
Though naked and bereft their branches now,
To vernal honours will again be joined,
In leaves that never shall their fall deplore,
Whose bough the winter's hand shall touch no
more.

GEORGE HARDINGE, ESQ.

FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

FRIEND after friend departs !
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end !
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath :
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away ;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in evening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently glows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !

'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!

'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are dimmed with tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore!
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

PEABODY.

FRIENDSHIP.

I TURNED me to an ancient rock
That breasts the ocean's track;
And saw it brave the billow's shock,
Then send them foaming back.

Fixed to this hard, enduring bed,
A small sea-plant I spied,
Which flourished there, and cheerly spread
Its tresses o'er the tide.

And when the waves came howling on,
Above the surge it rose,
Or clung more closely to the stone,
To wait the tempest's close.

Thus true, amidst a world of strife,
Unshaken by its breath;
May faithful friendship crown my life,
' Nor quit my side at death!

Yet say upon what hallowed ground
Can deathless friendship be?
Then Rock of Ages! let us found
Our friendships upon thee!

T. B. MURRAY.

HARMLESS PLEASURES.

RELIGION does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued.
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands,
The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create;
To mark the matchless workings of the power
To shut within its seed the future flower,

62 NEITHER POVERTY NOR RICHES.

Bids those in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes;
To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet;—
These, these are arts pursued without a crime;
That leave no stain upon the wing of time.

COWPER.

**“GIVE ME NEITHER POVERTY NOR
RICHES.”**

MUCH wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumbered, is our happiness:
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heaven can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream:
Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers, and stings us with success.
The rich man who denies it proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shows how little mortals know:
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.

YOUNG.

THE PASTOR'S DWELLING.

BLEST be the hand that gave me this retreat,
In which unnumbered mercies daily meet :
Oh, may a home so rich in peace to me
Be found a temple, gracious Lord, to thee !
Oh, may it be to thee a house of prayer,
Who deign'st to make it thy paternal care,
And sweet as incense may my prayer ascend
To God my Father, and to God my Friend !

My garden, with its flowers of various hue,
And distant landscape, beauteous to the view :
My beauteous garden, sweetest of its kind,
Should also bring thy goodness, Lord, to mind :
Made to dispel each rising cloud of gloom,
And cheer my pathway to the silent tomb ;
May its green plants and fragrant flowers which
 blow
Lead me to him "from whom all blessings
 flow !"

To him who in a garden prayed and bled,
That I might live when numbered with the
 dead.
Then, when I'm called to leave this loved retreat,
My spirit shall thy gracious welcome greet ;

Then shall my garden lead to that blest place
Once lost to Adam and his guilty race ;
Then shall I leave it for the Eden won
Again for man by God's eternal Son.

B. RICHINGS.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

A CRIMSON glow adorns the western sky,
The setting sun looks broad at his decline :
The star of evening, twinkling, smiles on high,
And sings, The hand that made me is divine.
The silent moon begins her journey bright ;
Across the ether blue serenely glides ;
And, smiling o'er the gloomy face of night,
Sublime in placid majesty she rides.
Religion thus across the world of care,
Calmly majestic, throws her peaceful beam ;
Bids death's dull scenes a heavenly aspect wear,
And all creation with fresh beauty teem.

SABBATH EVENING.

THE light of sabbath eve
Is fading past away ;
What record will it leave
To crown the closing day ?

Is it a sabbath spent
Fruitless, and vain, and void ?
Or have the moments lent
Been sacredly employed ?

How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will sabbaths lost appear
That cannot come again !

Then, in that hopeless place,
The tortured soul will say,
I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away !

God of these sabbath hours,
Oh ! may we never dare
To waste in thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer !

EDMESTON.

THE STORM HUSHED.

I WAS tossed on the billows of life,
I endeavoured their rage to control ;
More fierce grew the turbulent strife,
The waters went over my soul.

In the midst of the pitiless storm
One appeared who was mighty to save,

The darkness was chased by his power,
He trod on the fathomless wave.

In his looks, in his words, was a charm
Which commanded the tempest to cease ;
The billows were hushed to a calm :
Within and without there was peace.

CUNNINGHAM.

OCEAN.

HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,
And blow, thou boisterous wind !
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
Our home and friends behind.

Away, away we steer
Upon the ocean's breast ;
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west.

But wherefore should we grieve ?
Or what have we to fear ?
Though home, and friends, and all we leave,
Since God is ever near.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep ;
Ye winds blow foul or fair ;
Our God is with us on the deep,
He makes us still his care.

AMERICAN.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
 And the bright orb'd sun on high,
 Are all that break the solitude
 Of the circling sea and sky :
 Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there ;
 Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
 That bark her path explores,
 Sure as unerring instinct guides
 The bird to unseen shores :
 With wings that o'er the waves expand,
 She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone,—on ocean's breast,
 Though no green islet glows,
 No sweet, refreshing spot of rest
 Where fancy may repose,
 Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,
 Breaks the blank solitude of sea,—

No, not alone!—her beauteous shade
 Attends her noiseless way ;
 As some sweet memory, undecayed,
 Clings to the heart for aye,
 And haunts it, wheresoe'er we go,
 Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone,—for day and night
Escort her o'er the deep ;
And round her solitary flight
The stars their vigils keep :
Above, below, are circling skies,
And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone,—for hopes and fears
Go with her wandering sail,
And bright eyes watch, through gathering
tears,
Its distant cloud to hail ;
And prayers for her at midnight lone,
Ascend, unheard by all save One.

And not alone,—for round her glow
The vital light and air ;
And something that in whispers low
Tells to man's spirit there,
Upon her waste and weary road,
A present, all-pervading God !

MALCOLM.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

THE world's a stately bark on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;

Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote or dying storms!
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued—each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles,
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in
fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies;"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
YOUNG.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God who makes them
heals.
And thou sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand.

To thee the day-spring and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening, and resplendent moon,
The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine.
Yet seek Him; in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside, a shadow or a sound:
Then heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth;
Nature assuming a more lovely face,
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

COWPER.

THE UNBELIEVER.

THOU who scornest truths divine,
Say what joy, what hope is thine?
Is thy soul from sorrow free?
Is the world enough for thee?
Art thou willing to depart?
No, for care corrodes thy heart,

And thy nature bids thee shrink
From the void abyss's brink.

Thou may'st laugh when mornings shine,
Scoff while sparkles the red wine,
But shalt tremble when the night
Hides thy pleasures from thy sight.

Thou who scornest truths divine,
Say what joy, what hope is thine ?
Is thy soul from sorrow free ?
Is the world enough for thee ?

AMERICAN.

PEACE.

YES; there is peace for man—yea, there is
peace,
E'en in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
When from the crowd, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set, (in his late walk
O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the
boughs
Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone;
And, with fixed eye, and wistful, he surveys
The solemn shadows of the heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come when
time
Will waft him to repose, to deep repose.

4

2. FORGETFULNESS OF MORTALITY.

Far from th' unquietness of life—from noise
And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
Beyond the stars, and all this passing scene,
When change shall cease, and time shall be no
more.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

THE END OF AFFLICTION.

THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the
morn,

Stern winter the spring-time endears,
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
The brighter the rainbow appears.

So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare
For the rest that remaineth above ;
On earth tribulation awaits him ; but there
The smile of unchangeable love.

FORGETFULNESS OF MORTALITY.

ALL men think all men mortal but themself
Themselves, when some alarming shock
death

Strikes through their wounded hearts the
den dread :

But their hearts wounded, like the wound

Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is
found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
YOUNG.

THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of the evening ! how I love to mark
Thy beam thus gleaming tremulously bright,
Upon the ocean wave ! How brightly dark
Shines thy lone ray, thou herald of the night !
Thou lovely star ! methinks thy gentle ray
Speaketh of rest beyond our hour of time,
And seemeth to invite the soul away
To seek for refuge in a happier clime.

FAREWELL.

NAY, shrink not from the word " Farewell ! "
As if 'twere friendship's final knell,
Such fears may prove in vain :
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever, hope may say
We part to meet again.

E'en the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable woe

To souls that heavenward soar ;
For humble faith, with stedfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
May meet to part no more.

BARTON.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"

Here the evil and the just ;

Here the youthful and the old ;

Here the fearful and the bold ;

Here the matron and the maid

In one silent bed are laid ;

Here the vassal and the king

Side by side lie withering ;

Here the sword and sceptre rust,—

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along

O'er this pale and mighty throng ;

Those that wept them, those that weep,

All shall with these sleepers sleep,

Brothers, sisters, of the worm ;

Summer's sun or winter's storm,

Song of peace, or battle's war,

Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.

Death shall keep his sullen trust,—
“Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil.
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones,
Then, ambition, rue thy lust,—
“Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

Then shall come the judgment sign:
In the east the King shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands, round his state:
Spirits with the crown and plume,—
Tremble, then, thou silent tomb!
Heaven shall open in our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdom of the ransomed just!—
“Earth to earth, and dust to dust!”

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise,

And the earth again be trod,
 One great garden of her God!
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years;
 Now in hope of Him we trust,—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THIS place is holy ground:
 World, with thy cares away!
 Silence and darkness reign around,
 But lo! the break of day:
 What bright and sudden dawn appears
 To shine upon this scene of years!

'Tis not the morning light
 That makes the lark to sing;
 'Tis not a meteor of the night,
 Nor track of angel's wing:
 It is an uncreated beam
 Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and time
 Met for a moment here;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By death's cold hand led home to God.

Far, far above the pole,
On wings of mounting fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
But soon her pinions tire :
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er their loss ;
Bury the dead—in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise
In his own image to the skies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

HUMAN LIFE.

IN its true light this transient scene regard :
This is a state of trial, not reward.
Though rough the passage, peaceful is the
port,
The bliss is perfect, the probation short.
Of human wit beware,—the fatal pride,—
A useful follower, but a dangerous guide ;
On holy faith's aspiring pinions rise ;
Assert your birthright, and assume the skies.

78 **THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.**

Fountain of Being! teach us to devote
To thee each purpose, action, word, and
thought;
Be this in every state our wish alone,
Almighty, Wise, and Good, thy will be done.

H. MORE.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

OUR eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And death descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread;
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of the dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

BISHOP HEBEL

THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of mercy, truth, and grace.

Here I would for ever stay,
Thankful for the gospel day;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST.

How sweet, in the musing of faith, to repair
To the garden where Mary delighted to rove,
To sit by the tomb where she breathed her fond
prayer,
And paid her sad tribute of sorrow and love.

O Saviour! as oft as our footsteps we bend,
In penitent sadness, to weep at thy grave,
On the wings of thy greatness in pity descend,
Be ready to comfort, and "mighty to save."

We shrink not from scenes of desertion and woe,
If there we may meet with the Lord whom
we love;

Contented, with Mary, to sorrow below,
If, with her, we may drink of thy fountain
above.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE AWAKENED SINNER.

HIS conscience, like a glassy lake, before,
Lashed into foaming waves, begins to roar;
The law grown clamorous, though silent long,
Arraigns him, charges him with every wrong,
Asserts the rights of his offended Lord,
And death or restitution is the word;
The last impossible, he fears the first,
And, having well deserved, expects the worst.
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home—
Oh, for a shelter from the wrath to come!
Crush me, ye rocks, ye falling mountains, hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide!—
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not—And you need not, God replies;

The remedy you want I freely give,
THE BOOK shall teach you—read, believe, and
live!

'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore,
And justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
A soul redeemed demands a life of praise,
Hence the complexion of his future days;
Hence a demeanour holy and unspecked,
And the world's hatred as its sure effect.

COWPER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIZE.

No earthly good a Christian's views should
bound,

For ever rising should his aims be found.
Leave that fictitious good your fancy feigns,
For scenes where real bliss eternal reigns,
Look to that region of immortal joys,
Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy's;
Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bowers,
Or blooming chaplets of unfading flowers;
Fairer than e'er imagination drew,
Or poet's warmest visions ever knew:
Press eager onward to those blissful plains
Where life eternal, joy perpetual reigns.

H. MORE.

PRAYER FOR DAILY BREAD.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

HERE is a thought can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it,—
A star, that sheds its mild control
Brightest, when grief's dark cloud surrounds it;
And pours a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope it cherished
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath woes withering touch has perished
With fadeless lustre streams that light—
A halo on the brow of night.

And bitter were our sojourn here
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,—
The herald of a brighter morrow,—
A friendly beacon from on high,
To guide us to ETERNITY. A. A. WATTS

“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD.”

KNOWEST thou what travellers shall walk w
thee
On this day's pilgrimage? Do care or pair

Delight or disappointment, joy or woe,
Partake thy journey? Soul, art thou aware
If foes or friends to thy eternal peace,
Now in their secret chambers, gird themselves
To bear thee company?

The glorious sun
Comes forth exulting from yon purpled hills;
But, ere he reach his portal, many an eye
That gave him greeting, in death's sleep shall
close,

Regardless of his ray.—Say, is that hand,
Whose icy touch congeals the bounding veins,
Forth from its drapery of darkness stretched
To pluck thee by the skirts?

Eternal God!
To whom a thousand years are as the watch
Of one brief night, no eye, save thine, can read
Of this day's good or ill. Thine holy word
Is as a lamp, which, if we hold aright,
No fear can vex, nor enemy destroy.
Fresh oil, this morn, with prayerful lips we seek,
Lest some fierce robber from his ambush path
Should rush rapacious on our spirit's wealth.
Here, at thine armoury, we lowly kneel,
Asking a weapon from its boundless store,—
The sword, the spear, the helmet, or the shield,
As most thou seest we need,—for thou alone
Dost weigh our weakness, and our want foresee.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."

OBSERVE the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare,
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If, then, the fowls of heaven Jehovah feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise, or are ye less than they?

THOMSON.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

GIVE me the priest these graces doth possess,—
Of an ambassador the just address;
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care;
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye;
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil;
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

Give me the priest, a light upon a hill,
Whose rays his whole circumference can fill ;
In God's own word and sacred learning versed,
Deep in the study of the heart immersed ;
Who in sick souls can the disease descry,
And wisely for restoratives apply ;
To beatific pastures leads his sheep,
Watchful from hellish wolves his fold to keep,
Who seeks not a convenience but a cure,
Would rather souls than his own gain ensure.

Instructive in his visits and converse,
Strives everywhere salvation to disperse ;
Of a mild, humble, and obliging heart,
Who with his all will to the needy part ;
Distrustful of himself, in God confides,
Daily himself among his flock divides ;
Of virtue uniform, and cheerful air,
Fixed meditation and incessant prayer ;
Affections mortified, well-guided zeal
Of saving truth the relish wont to feel,
Whose province, heaven, all his endeavour shares,

Who mixes with no secular affairs,
Oft on his pastoral amount reflects,
By holiness, not riches, gains respects ;
Who is all that he would have others be,
From wilful sin, though not from frailty.

Who still keeps Jesus in his heart and head,
Who strives the steps of our High Priest to
tread,
Who can himself and all the world deny,
Lives pilgrim here, but denizen on high.

BISHOP KEN.

THE CITY FAIR AND BRIGHT.

OH, for that city fair and bright,
Which shall not pass away,
The glory of the Lord its light,
The Lamb its sunless day ;

Whose gates are pearl, whose street is gold,
Whose wall of jasper stands,
On precious stones of worth untold,
Reared not by mortal hands ;

Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And none with anguish groan ;—
Death lost in immortality,
“And former things unknown.”

Who only shall admittance win ?
The nations of the saved !
Whom Jesus hath redeemed from sin,
And in his blood hath laved.

Who shall in no wise enter there ?
Those who their Lord deny !
Who have not knelt to him in prayer,
But trusted to a lie.

My unknown reader, whatsoe'er
May be thy sect or name,
Ask of thy heart, with reverend fear,
Can I an entrance claim ?

BARTON.

THE LIMPET AND THE ROCK.

IN nature's all-instructive book,
Where can the eye of reason look,
And not some gainful lesson find
To guide and fortify the mind ?
The simple shell on yonder rock
May seem, perchance, this book to mock—
Approach it, then, and learn its ways,
And learn the lesson it conveys.
At distance viewed, it seems to lie
On its rough bed so carelessly,
That 'twould an infant's hand obey,
Stretched forth to seize it in its play.
But let that infant's hand draw near,
It shrinks with quick, instinctive fear,
And clings as close as though the stone
It rests upon and it were one ;

And should the strongest arm endeavour
The limpet from its rock to sever,
'Tis seen its loved support to clasp
With such tenacity of grasp,
We wonder that such strength should dwell
In such a small and simple shell !
And is not this lesson worth
The study of the sons of earth ?
Who need a rock so much as we ?
Ah ! who to such a rock can flee ?
A rock to strengthen, comfort, aid,
To guard, to shelter, and to shade—
A rock whence fruits celestial grow,
And whence refreshing waters flow.
No rock is like this rock of ours !
Oh, then if you have learnt your powers
By a just rule to estimate,
If justly you can calculate
How great your need, your strength how frail,
How prone your best resolves to fail ;
When humble caution bids you fear
A moment of temptation near,
Let wakeful memory recur
To this your simple monitor,
And wisely shun the trial's shock,
By clinging closely to your rock.

MAYO.

TO MY LAMP.

THOU little orb of pallid light
That cheers my lonely winter's night,
With lustre mild, and friendly ray,
Converting darkness into day;
Anxious I feed the lambent fire,
And fear to see thy flame expire.
If thy frail light's uncertain date
Can such solicitude create,
With what assiduous holy care
Should I the lamp of faith prepare,
Its immaterial fire supply
Against the awful midnight cry,
That in that dread-inspiring night
Its flame may burn serene and bright?
Thus I, as an accepted guest,
May enter to the marriage feast,
And when I hear the Bridegroom's voice,
With the wise virgins may rejoice.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

OPENING the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle—the life of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around, and limiting his years.

The busy race examine, and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect which in their eyes excels
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and
shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight;
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweep multitudes away;
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng, with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of heaven, and gain a real prize—
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Sealed with his signet whom they serve and
love,
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted, are soon snatched away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

COWPER.

THE FUTURE CONCEALED.

OH, how wise that God hath hidden,
All the future from us here !
Oh, how kind that 'tis forbidden
We should feel to-morrow's care !

92 "NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."

If time's page of hurrying fleetness
Were unveiled to readers here,
Joy itself would lose its sweetness,
Sorrow would become despair.

Now, if storms the ocean cover,
Hope declares a calm is near;
When discordant tones are over,
Softened music meets the ear:
If the shadows of affliction
Round us gather as we go,
Soon some heavenly benediction
Wakens peace from slumbering woe.

"NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME."

Now is the day of grace,
Now to the Saviour come!
The Lord is calling, "Seek my face,"
And I will guide you home!

Home to that bright abode
Where Jesus reigns supreme;
Home to those joys prepared by God—
Home of your sweetest dream.

Home, where each sigh is stilled,
Where tears are never shed,
But love and joy have filled
With flowers the path we tread.

A Father bids you speed,—
 Oh, wherefore then delay?
 He calls in love, he sees your need,
 He bids you come to-day.

To-day the prize is won,
 The promise is to save;
 Then, oh, be wise, to-morrow's sun
 May shine upon your grave.

DEATH THE PATH TO IMMORTALITY.

DEATH's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God;
 A port of calms, a state of ease,
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

As men who long in prison dwell,
 With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
 Whene'er their suffering years are run,
 Spring forth to meet the glittering sun:

Such joy, though far transcending sense,
 Have pious souls at parting hence!
 On earth, and in the body placed,
 A few and evil years they waste;

But when their chains are cast aside,
 See the bright scene unfolding wide,
 Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
 And mingle with the blaze of day. PARKELL.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

AN EVENING HYMN.

WHEN the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark;
Amid the howling, wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

A SOLDIER's course, from battles won
To new commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun,—
Behold the Christian's life!

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil,—
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil,—
How can we hope repose?

O, let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;
Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour' reign!
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane:
The land where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day.

GISBORNE.

OUR PROTESTANT MARTYRS.

OUR martyrs struggled for the brightest prize,
And won that prize with pain. Their blood
was shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them: they lived unknown
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven; their ashes
flew—

No marble tells us whither. With their n
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise

COWPER

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

As panting in the sultry beam,
The heart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee!
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.
But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear,
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.
Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress,
Should vexing thoughts distract my breath
Turn, turn to Him in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain,
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when earth has passed away.

BOWD

EVENING PRAYER.

DARK shades of night,
Above, below, around us hover ;
O Lord of light !
Be thy blest wings our cover ;
Be thy holy arm
Our shield from harm,
Till night is over :

Lo ! we bend down
In humble penitence before thee :
For mercies shown
Our grateful hearts adore thee ;
For help and grace
In future days,
Still we implore thee.

Bless those we love
This night with us thy throne addressing ;
Send from above
The peace beyond expressing ;
Through Christ our Lord,
The eternal Word,
Give us thy blessing.

THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

SHOULD some seraph wing his flight
From the realms of cloudless light,

Earth and ocean soaring over,
Where would he delight to hover ?

Not o'er halls of regal pride ;
Not o'er fields with carnage dyed,
Where 'mid shouts of triumph breathing,
Fame the hero's brow is wreathing.

O'er the calm sequestered spot,
O'er the lone and lowly cot,
Where, its little hands enwreathing,
Childhood's guileless prayer is breathing;

While the gentle mother nigh,
Points her daughter's prayer on high,
To the God whose goodness gave her,
To the God whose love shall save her :—

There, awhile, the son of light
Would arrest his rapid flight ;
Thence would bear, to heaven ascending,
Prayers with heartfelt praises blending.

Gladly would he soar above
With the sacrifice of love ;
And, through heaven's expanded portal,
Bear it to the throne immortal !

MORTALITY.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas! must die.

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
And colours charm the eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou, too, alas! must die.

Be wise, then, Christian, while you may,
For time is swiftly flying;
The thoughtless man who laughs to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

THE EVENING STAR.

How beautiful the twilight sky,
Whose starry worlds now spread,
Amid the purple depths of eve,
Their glories o'er my head!

And there is one—a radiant one—
Amid the rest shines he,
As if just risen from his sleep,
Within the mighty sea.

The clouds fall off in glittering flakes,
Before his shining brow ;
So moves a ship that flings the waves
In bright foam from its prow.

Oh, mysteries of night, that fill
The mind with awe and love,
How visibly the power of God
Is manifest above !

Oh, might and majesty that reign
Upon the midnight sky !—
Creed of my hope ! I feel thy truth
Whene'er I gaze on high.

MISS LANDO

THE WATERFALL.

I LOVE the roaring waterfall,
Within some deep, romantic glen,
'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men :
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings that have passed away,
Who sought, perhaps, with curious eye,
These rocks where now I love to stray:
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And, from the past, they seem to call
My spirit to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befall
Those scenes, where grandeur sits enthroned:
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve—from eve to morn—
From month to month—from day to day;
And all that live and breathe with me
Are hurrying to eternity!

Eternity! that vast unknown!
Who can the deep abyss explore
Which swallows up the ages gone,
And rolls its billows evermore?
Oh, may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity!

RAFFLES,

THE VIOLET.

SWEET flower! spring's earliest, loveliest g
While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem,
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round:
And well may nature's poet love thee!

Thine is a short, swift reign, I know,
But here—thy spirit still pervading—
New violet's tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away, as thou art fading,
And be renewed:—the hope how blest,
(Oh, may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee, to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again to live for ever!

BOWRING

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FAIR flower, that shun'st the glare of day
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober grey,
Thy cup of paly gold;—

I love to watch at silent eve
Thy scattered blossom's lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Thy beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's darkening shade.

But still more animating far
If meek religion's eye we trace,
Even in thy glimmering, earth-born star,
The holier hope of grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb,
May break forth mercy's ray.

BARTON.

THE AUTUMNAL FLOWER AN EMBLEM OF HOPE.

LAST smile of the departing year,
Thy sister sweets are flown!

DIVINE WISDOM.

Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
From blooming thus alone.

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,
Unnoticed might have passed;
But now thou com'st, with softer claim,
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,—
Emblem of hope's gay wing;
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,
To promise future spring.

DIVINE WISDOM.

SOLICIT the blest wisdom from above,—
Wisdom, whose fruits are purity and peace
A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of glory infinite! a cloudless light!
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstained purity! Not Ophir's gold
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price
The ruby of the mine is pale before her
And like the oil Elisha's bounty bless
She is a treasure which doth grow by
And multiply by spending. She contains
Within herself the sum of excellences

THE HEAVENWARD COURSE.

THE bird let loose from eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers come.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And sinful passion free,
Through pure religion's brighter air,
To hold my course to thee!

No sin to blight, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

SCENES OF DANGER.

WHAT dost thou, Christian, 'mongst the train
Who barter heaven for sordid gain
And heaps of dust, with toil and pain,
In Mammon's temple pile?
What dost thou in the tinselled hall,
To which the sons of music call,

Or where in pageant, mask, or ball,
Gay fashion's daughters smile?

What dost thou, Christian, 'midst the stat
Which haunts the mansions of the great,
Where tribes of servile flatterers wait,
To worship pomp or power?
What dost thou at the festive board,
With sparkling wines and dainties stored,
Where riot holds his rites abhorred,
And madness rules the hour?

What dost thou, Christian, where, I ween,
The lowly Saviour ne'er had been?
Shun, shun the gay delusive scene,
The poisoned chalice fly.
O'er sorrow's darkened chamber throw
The light which soothes a mourner's woe,
And wipe away the tears that flow
From misery's melting eye.

Go, bid the Church of Christ to feel
The impulse of thy sacred zeal;
To aid thy kin, thy country's weal,
Thy time, thy wealth employ:
So, when thy mortal race is run,
Enthroned in bliss, the incarnate Son
Shall welcome thee, and say, "Well dor
Enter thy Master's joy!"

R.

COMFORT IN TROUBLE.

THOUGH the fig-tree my bower that o'ershaded
Refuse what it scattered before ;
Though the vine's wreathed curtain all faded,
Refresh with its clusters no more ;—

Though the olive, loved symbol of heaven,
Be guarded and cherished in vain ;
Though the field, for the blessing once given,
But the thorn and the thistle retain ;—

Though the home where the herd is retreating
Its sweet-flowing stores should withhold ;
Nor voice of the flock, tender bleating,
Be heard in the desolate fold ;—

These joys are the moonbeam that waneth,
While the Sun, whence it sprung, is the same ;
Jehovah, my Saviour, remaineth,
And I will rejoice in his name.

Undried is that fountain of pleasure,
Whose drops 'mid this wilderness fall,
Still safe, still untouched is my treasure,
For mine is the Giver of all. WABING.

HOPE.

NFADING hope ! when life's last embers burn,
'Then soul to soul, and dust to dust return !

bright to the soul thy seraph
The morning dream of life's et

THE SAME SUBJECT

BRIGHT morning star of bliss!
ray
Shines through the mist of dark
Illumes the night of woe,
And gilds the clouds of care
Kindled by thee, the world's
blaze;

For when this frame decays, and death appears,
Reclined on thee, the Christian breathes his last,
And on thy wings he soars
Unto the throne of God. CONDER.

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,
Time is not o'er thee victorious,—
Image of eternity.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow;
Yet attempt not to explore thee,
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee,
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth, her vallies, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean !
But if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be ?

BARTON.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

TRUE happiness has no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where duty goes she goes, with justice goes,
And goes with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear is dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin is heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act is done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,—
There is a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sits and smiles.

POLLOK.

THE DAY OF TRIAL.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals
And weakness o'er my spirit steals
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That as my day my strength shall

When with sad footstep memory roves,
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves ;
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to the promise will I flee,
That as my day my strength shall be.

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last ;
And when with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble quivering heartstrings fail,
Oh, may my soul, adoring, see
That as her day her strength shall be !

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield,
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold :
I praised the moon whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered.”

"WHAT IS OUR LIFE?"

O God, O good beyond compare;
 If thus thy meaner works are fair:
 If thus thy beauties gild the span
 Of ruined earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must that mansion be
 Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

"WHAT IS OUR LIFE?"

How short is human life! the very breath
 Which frames my words, accelerates my death
 Of this short life how large a portion's fled—
 To what is gone already I am dead:
 As dead to all my years and minutes past,
 As I to what remains shall be at last.
 Can I past miseries so far forget,
 To view my vanished years with fond regret?
 Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat?
 Indulge fresh hope, solicit new deceit?
 When did true wisdom covet length of
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or
 No,—wisdom views with an indifferen
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die
 The soul on earth is an immortal gu
 Compelled to starve at an unreal fe
 A spark which upward tends by na
 A stream diverted from its parent

A drop dissevered from the boundless sea ;
A moment parted from eternity :
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come,
An exile anxious for his native home.

H. MORE.

AGAINST DESPAIR.

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair ;
Fling off the load of doubt's harassing fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

Never give up! or the burden may sink you ;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials and troubles bethink you,
The watch-word of life must be "Never give
up!"

Never give up! there are merciful changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Happy success if you'll only hope on.

Never give up! though adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup ;
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is, "Trust in Jehovah, and never give up!"

LINES WRITTEN DURING AN INTENSE
FOG.

DARKNESS upon the land ! midnight at noon !
Day without sunshine ! night without a moon !
Rayless eclipse ! The tribute of the sky
When He, the Lord of nature, deigned to die !
A starless void ! a deep and awful gloom,
Fraught with strange fears, and herald of the
tomb.

Such, once before, on hardened Pharaoh lay,
And filled his wisest sages with dismay ;
Hid was the sun, the stars refused their light,
And Egypt's noontide blaze was quenched in
night.

" Lights in the hall ! Lights to the regal chair !"
But all was gloom and desolation there :
A palpable obscure, a gathering cloud,
Wrapped prince and people in its murky shroud.
While Israel's sons, from fear and darkness free
Walked forth in light, confiding, Lord, in th'
O, through this vale of sorrows, as we stro'
Do thou preserve and lead us on our way
Guide thou our feet till death's dark
past,

And make us, Lord, thy sons of light'

ARCHDEAC'

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Who sleeps below? who sleeps below?—

It is a question idle all!

Ask of the breezes as they blow:

Say, do they hear, or heed thy call?

They murmur in the trees around,

And mock thy voice—an empty sound!

Was he of high or low degree?

Did grandeur smile upon his lot?

Or, born to dark obscurity,

Dwelt he within some lonely cot,

And, from his youth to labour wed,

From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years,

Bowed down and bent by hoary eld,

When sound was silence to his ears,

And the dim eyeball sight withheld;

Like a ripe apple falling down,

Unshaken 'mid the orchard brown?

Had the kind friends that blessed his prime,

All vanished like a morning dream;

Plucked one by one by spareless time,

And scattered in oblivion's stream;

Passing away all silently,

Like snow-flakes melting in the sea?

And sighs the wind, and pours it
O'er the poor bones that lie be
No mouldering record can we tra
Of fame or fortune, rank or race!

Then, what is life, when thus we
No trace remain of life's career
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson liveth here;
Place not on aught of earth thy t
'Tis doomed that dust shall mix w

Do good; shun evil; live not tho
As if in death thy being died;
Nor error's syren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth as
Look to thy journey's end—the g
And trust in Him whose arm can

Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
 Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
 Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
 Each friend by death snatched from us is a
 plume

Plucked from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damped with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lowered,
 Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up.

Smitten friends

Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
 For us they languish, and for us they die, —
 And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?

YOUNG.

AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

As from the bud the flower expands to view,
 From infancy to smiling youth she grew,
 When He who ever liveth, strong to save,
 Resumed in love the boon his mercy gave.
 His mediation she had learned to trust,
 Not that of creatures, like herself, of dust ;
 His spotless righteousness she sought alone,
 And cast away as worthless all her own ;

Quickened by Him, to Him she lived on earth,
Evinced thus her new and heavenly birth.
Her soul has early found its promised rest,
Angels have borne her to her Saviour's breast:
Oh, glorious end to each expiring pain!
To live with Christ, and find that "death is
gain."

R. W. KYLE.

LOVE OF PARENTS.

To honour those who gave us birth,
To cheer their age, to feel their worth,
Is God's command to human kind,
And owned by every grateful mind.

Trace then the tender scenes of old,
And bygone infant days unfold;
Bring back to thought the mother's breast,
Watchful to lull her child to rest.

Survey her toil, her anxious care,
To form the lisping tongue to prayer;
To win to God the yielding soul,
And all its youthful thoughts control.

Nor hold from memory's glad review,
The anxious fears a father knew;
The joy that marked his thankful gaze,
As virtue crowned maturer days.

God of our life, our parents guard,
And death's approaching hour retard;
Be theirs each joy that gilds the past,
And heaven our mutual home at last!

NOEL.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL.

For what shall man exchange his soul,
Born to survive the glorious sun,
When age on age has ceased to roll,
Its endless being but begun?

What are the costliest gifts, thrice told,
That men their choicest blessings call?
Thrones, sceptres, palaces, or gold,
The soul in worth exceeds them all.

Yet man, with an immortal mind,
Too oft pursues life's shadows vain,
And, with mysterious folly blind,
Barters his soul for worldly gain.

Pangs, keenest to the lost, will spring
From memory of their earthly state,
With moments ever on the wing,
Yet felt not, prized not, till too late.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

ord, teach us where our safety lies,
Let us the best of lessons learn,
Pilgrims below, may we be wise,
And make our souls our chief concern.
COTTLE.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

ON all-important time, through every age
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged;
the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day!"—the prince who nobly cried
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome?—say rather, lord of human race:
He spoke as if deputed by mankind;
So should all speak; so reason speaks in all
From the soft whispers of that God in man
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessing we possess?
Time the supreme! Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes archangel
Y'

THE LILY.

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure, unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns, and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighted, slighted thing,—
There, in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh, many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

THE LILY.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun and shower shall come,
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring,
Shalt, from the dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed,—

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petal's silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye

And bear the long, cold, wintry night
And bear her own degraded door
And wait till heaven's reviving light
Eternal spring! shall burst the

THE WITHERED ROSE.

FAIREST flower, the pride of spring,
Blooming, beauteous, fading thing;
'Tis as yesterday, when first
Forth thy blushing beauties burst,
And I marked thy bosom swell,
And I caught thy balmy smell,
Fondly hoping soon to see
All thy full-blown symmetry.
But I came, and lo! around,
Sadly strewn upon the ground,
Lovely leaves I, fading, see,—
Oh, can these be all of thee?
I would weep, for so I've known
Many a beauteous vision flown,—
Many a hope that found its tomb
Just when bursting into bloom,
Many a friend—ah, why proceed?
See afresh my bosom bleed—
Rather turn my thoughts on high,
Hopes are there which cannot die.—
Yes, my Saviour, thou canst give
Joys that will not thus deceive,—
Eden's roses never fade,
Eden's prospects know no shade.

H. STOWELL.

TO THE DAISY.

TO THE DAISY.

LITTLE flower, with starry brow,
Slumbering on thy bed of snow,
Or, with lightly tinged ray,
Winter gone and storms away,
Peeping from thy couch of green
With modest head and simple mien;
How I love to see thee lie,
In thy low serenity,
Basking in the gladsome beam;
Or, beside some murmuring stream,
Gently bowing from thy nest,
Greet the water's silver breast.
Or, 'mid fissure of the rock,
Hidden from the tempest's shock,
Vie with snowy lily's bell—
Queen and fairy of the dell.
Thee nor wind nor storm can tear
From thy lonely mountain lair;
Nor the sleety, sweeping rain
Root thee from thy native plain.
Winter's cold, nor summer's heat
Blights thee in thy snug retreat.
Chilled by snow, or scorched by
Thou for ever art the same.
Type of truth, and emblem fair
Of virtue struggling through

Close may sorrows hem it round,
Troubles bend it to the ground.
Yet the soul within is calm,
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm,
Conscious that the hand which tries
All its latent energies,
Can, with more than equal power,
Bear it through temptation's hour,
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

W. FLETCHER.

THE SKYLARK.

How sweet is the song of the lark as she
springs,
To welcome the morning with joy on her wings!
The higher she rises the sweeter she sings;
And she sings while we hear her no more:
When storms and dark clouds veil the sun from
our sight,
She has mounted above them, she sings in the
light,
There, far from the scenes that disturb and
affright,
She loves her sweet music to pour.

It is thus with the Christian ;—he sees from afar
The day-spring appearing, the bright morning
star ;

He quits this dark valley of sorrow and care,
For the land whence the day-spring is given ;
He sings on his way from this cloud-covered
spot ;

The swifter his progress, the sweeter his note ;
When we hear it no longer, the song ceases not,
It blends with the chorus of heaven.

THE SOWER.

YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground ;
The sower is gone forth to sow
And scatter blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade ;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to baulk
All hopes of harvest there ;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path, and highway side
Receive the trust in vain ;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

But when the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield !

Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace ;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place !

COWPER.

APRIL.

CAPRICIOUS month of smiles and tears !
There's beauty in thy varied reign :
Emblem of being's hopes and fears—
Its hours of joy and days of pain.
A false, inconstant scene is thine :
Changeful with light and shadow deep ;
Ofttimes thy clouds with pure sunshine
Are painted, then in gloom they sleep.

Yet is there gladness in thy hours,
Frail courier of a brighter scene ;

Thou fragrant guide to buds and flowers,
To meadows fresh, and pastures green;
For as thy days grow few and brief,
The radiant looks of spring appear,—
With swelling glow, and opening leaf,
To deck the morning of the year.

And soon the many clouds that hang
Their solemn drapery o'er the sky,
Will pass, in shadowy folds, away;
Lo! mark them now! they break—they fly,
And over earth, in one broad smile,
Looks forth the glorious eye of day,
While hill, and vale, and ocean isle,
Are laughing in the breath of May.

Type of existence! may'st thou be
The emblem of the Christian's race,
Through all whose trials we may see
The sunshine of undying grace:
The calm and heaven-enkindled eye,
The faith that mounts on ardent wing,
That looks beyond the o'er-arching sky
To heaven's undimmed and golden spring.

WINTER.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, winter, well!

Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
And o'er the grey stone spreads.

And mark the clustered berries bright,
Amid the holly's gay green leaves,

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters, hid from summer sun,
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare,
The long grass bends its spear-like form,
And lively is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour
When nature, hid in winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the floweret bloom;

For nature soon in spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom!

MEMORY.

A PEN, to register ; a key
That winds through secret wards,—
Are well assigned to memory
By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given,
A pencil to her hand ;
That softening objects sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand.

That smooths foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues.

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works
Those spectres to dilate,
That startle conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

Oh, that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch !

Retirement, then, might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene.

In new mountain rivers,
Or mountain rivers,
Along a channel smooth and
To their own far-off murmurs listening.
WORDSWORTH.

TO A MOURNER.

CLING to the cross, thou lone one,
For a solace in thy grief;
Let faith believe its promise,—
There is joy in such belief.

Oh, lie not down, poor mourner,
On the cold earth in despair!
Why give the grave thy homage,—
Does the spirit moulder there?

The unbeliever trusts not
The atonement of the cross;
Say, where shall he find comfort
In the gloom of such a loss?

Can he cheer his house of mourni-
With the maddened cry of mi-
No, he throws himself despairing
On his all—a clod of earth!

Cling to the cross, thou lone one,
For it hath power to save;
If the Christian's hope forsake thee,
There's no hope beyond the grave.

T. H. BAYLEY.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

THE silver chord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved is the grassy clod;
And what for mourning man is left?
O, what is left—but GOD?

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they wore are faded;
The twilight dim hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded;
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep,
From our inmost hearts are riven,
And what is left us when we weep?
O, what is left—but HEAVEN?

BOWRING.

THINK not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet;
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your MASTER's midnight call?

CONTENTMENT.

WHEN all within is peace,
How nature seems to smile!
Delights that never cease
The live-long day beguile.
From morn to dewy eve
With open hand she showers
Fresh blessing, to deceive
And soothe the silent hours.

It is content of heart
Gives nature power to please;
The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees;

THE REMEMBRANCE OF TH

Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling M
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe
So beauteously arrayed,
In nature's various robe,
With wondrous skill displ
Is to a mourner's heart
A weary wild at best,
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF T

'HOSE withered leaves along th
spread,
Did once the sweetest of all flow
and though full many a sun ha
sped,
They still are odorous as the livin
o breathes the memory of depa
When years have seen it in the s
There is a fragrance in the holy e
Where virtue sleeps that time can
The good man dies, but with his
bequeaths the world a sweet that k

vale ;

Undamped by doubt, undarkened by despair,
The Christian thus augustly rears his head,
At that dark hour which general horror sheds
On the low level of the inglorious throng :
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble
joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre, bright.

YOUNG.

EPITAPH.

THE word of truth he made his only guide,
To God, his Father, every want he brought
On Jesus' grace, believing, he relied,
The Spirit's sanctifying power he sought
Thus did he live on earth a life of faith
Thus was he armed against the sting

CHRIST WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

O SALEM! who, in proud disdain,
My faithful prophets slew;
And soon, the cup of guilt to drain,
Wilt slay thy Saviour too!
How had my love thy children blest,
Their deeds of blood forgot,
And led them to eternal rest;
But they consented not!

Now shall thy house be desolate,
Thy glory now shall close;
Nor leave one trace of ruined state,
To tell where Salem rose.
Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,
Nor hail thy crown restored,
Till thou shalt say, "How blest is He
Whom thou hast sent, O Lord!"

DALE.

THE RESTORATION OF SALEM.

ET shall she rise,—but not by war restored,
or built in murder—planted by the sword.
es, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
hall heal the wound his chastening hand has
made;

A PRAYER FOR ISRAEL.

Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
 And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords
 away.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure
 spring:

Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys sing!
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn;
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field;
 E'en now, perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
 The mighty angel lifts his golden wand;
 Courts the bright vision of descending power,
 Tells every gate, and measures every tower,
 And chides the tardy years that yet detain
 Thy King, O Judah, from his destined reign

BISHOP HEBE

A PRAYER FOR ISRAEL.

How long shall Israel's sons, once blest,
 Wander the scorning world around;
 Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed

Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground
 O God of Israel, rend in twain
 The veil that hides Messiah's light

The severed olive-branch again
 To its own parent stock unite.

While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own,
The Lord he crucified, to love.

Hasten the day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

THE FREEDOM OF TRUTH.

"HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,"

Who first of all the bands of Satan breaks;
Who breaks the bands of sin; and for his soul
In spite of fools, consulteth seriously;
In spite of fashion, perseveres in good;
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;
Who does as reason, not as fancy, bids;
Who hears temptation sing, and yet turns not
Aside; sees sin bedeck her flowery bed
And yet will not go up; feels at his heart
The sword unsheathed, yet will not sell the
truth;
Who having power, has not the will to hurt;
Who feels ashamed to be or have a slave;
Whom nought makes blush but sin, fears
nought but God;

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Who, finally, in strong integrity
 Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace
 Uplifted, calmly sits, and hears the waves
 Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,
 Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul
 reproach,
 Despising both sincerely; seeking this
 Alone, the approbation of his God.

POLLON!

Bu

U

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,
 Waiting to hear the rustling wing
 Which spoke the angel nigh, who gave
 Its virtues to that holy spring,—
 With earnest fixed solicitude,
 Were seen the afflicted multitude.

Among them there was one whose eye
 Had often seen the waters stirred,
 Whose heart had often heaved the sigh,
 The bitter sigh of hope deferred;
 Beholding, while he suffered on,
 The healing virtue given—and gone.
 No power had he; no friendly aid
 To him its timely succour brought:

THE PILGRIM.

But while his coming he delayed,
Another won the boon he sought,
Until the Saviour's love was shown,
Which healed him by a word alone.

Bethesda's pool has lost his power!
No angel, by his glad descent,
Dispenses that diviner dower
Which with its healing waters went
But He whose word surpassed its way
Is still omnipotent to save.

B.

THE PILGRIM.

VAIN folly of another age,
This wandering over earth,
To find the peace by some dark sin
Banished our household hearth.

On Lebanon the dark green pines
Wave over sacred ground,
And Carmel's consecrated rose
Springs from an hallowed mound.

Glorious the truth they testify,
And blessed is their name;
But even in such sacred spots
Are sin and woe the same.

Oh, pilgrim, vain each toilsome step,
Vain every weary day;
There is no charm in soil or shrine
To wash thy guilt away.

Return, with prayer and tears return
To those who weep at home;
To dry their eyes will more avail
Than o'er a world to roam.

There's hope for one who leaves with sha
The guilt that lured before;
Remember, He who said, "Repent,"
Said also, "Sin no more."

Return, and in the daily round
Of duty and of love,
Thou best wilt find that patient faith
Which lifts the soul above.

In every simple prayer the child
Lisps at his father's knee:—
If thine has been to teach that prayer,
There may be hope for thee.

Around thee draw thine own home ties,
And, with a chastened mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace
No wandering will find.

In humble faith and penitence,
 Thy sin may be forgiven,—
 Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine
 Whence prayers ascend to heaven.

BARTON.

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

OH, Saviour of the faithful dead,
 With whom thy servants dwell,
 Though cold and green the turf is spread
 Above their narrow cell.

No more we cling to mortal clay,
 We doubt and fear no more,
 Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
 Which thou hast trod before!

'Twas hard for those I loved to go
 Who knelt around my bed,
 Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,
 Whose arms upheld my head:

As fading from my dizzy view,
 I sought their forms in vain,
 The bitterness of death I knew,
 And groaned to live again.

'Twas dreadful when the Accuser's power
 Assailed my sinking heart,

Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darkened soul.

When soon or late this feeble breath
No more to thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And on the darksome way.

When clothed in fleshly weeds again
I wait thy dread decree.
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then
That Thou hast died for me.

BISHOP HEN

THE DANGER OF WORLDLY PLEAS

THE branch is stooping to thy hand,
And pleasant to behold;
Yet gather not, although its fruit
Be streaked with hues of gold.

The cup is dancing to thy lip,
And fragrant is the wine,
Yet dash the untasted goblet down
Though lusciously it shine.

For bitter ashes lurk concealed
Beneath that golden skin,
And, though the coat be smooth, there lies
But rottenness within.

The wings of pleasure fan the bowl,
And bid it overflow,
Yet drugged with poison are its lees,
And death is found below.

SMEDLEY.

THE MOURNER'S APPEAL.

O POWER supreme, my Maker and my God!
To thee with supplicating knees I bend:
If I am doomed to feel thy chastening rod,
Do thou one ray of heavenly hope extend,
And leave me not, my Father and my Friend!
Without thy aid my spirits sink oppressed,
For sin and sorrow bow me to the ground:
With thee, O Lord! my drooping soul would
rest,
With thee, where comfort can alone be found.
O teach my heart that calm and better way
That leads to immortality and bliss,
Expands the portals of eternal day,
And bids me spurn a world so vain as this.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

WELCOME thou peaceful dawn!
O'er field and wooded lawn
The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.
And hark! the village bell,
Whose simple tinklings swell,
Sweet as soft music, on the straw-roofed shed,
And bids the pious cottager prepare
To keep the appointed rest, and seek the house
of prayer.

O sabbath bell thy voice
Makes hearts like his rejoice;
Not so the child of vanity and power.
He the blessed pavement treads
Perchance as custom bids,—
Perchance to gaze away a listless hour
Then crowns the bowl, or roams alone
road,
Nor hides his shame from men, nor b
eye of God.

Lord, let thine influence bless,
With faith and holiness,
The ungrateful people of our far

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN. 147

But, if too deep and wide
Hath spread corruption's tide,
Graciously deign on me and mine to smile;
So shall we ne'er, with due devotion, fail
The consecrated day of solemn rest to hail.
BISHOP MANT.

THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the grateful hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn till night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

If we have interest
Guide, from thy love's abundant store
What yet remains of this day's course

Keep with thy grace, through life's storm
Our upward and our downward way
And glorify for us the worst,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WORDS

CHARITY.

1 COR. XIII.

DID sweeter strains adorn my flow'ring
Than ever man pronounced or angel
Had I all knowledge, human and divine
That thought can reach, or science

Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast
— tortures, and rejoice in fire

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Not soon provoked, o'er guilt and wo
grieves,
She suffers all things—all things she believ
Soft peace she brings where'er extends her s
And, sent from heaven, to heaven she leads
way.

While every gift beside which God bestows
Its proper bounds and stated limits knows;
Though tongues and miracles no more prevail
And prophecies shall cease, and knowledg
fail;—

Immortal charity! whose ampler scope,
Transcending these, out-measures faith and
hope,
Shall never fail; but changed to perfect love,
Diffuse its blessings through the realms above.
PRIOR.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

CEPT divine! to earth in mercy given,
sacred rule of action worthy heaven!
Thy pitying voice ordained the blest com-
mand,
And our nature in a firmer band;
To each human sufferer's strong appeal,
To reach the selfish breast what others feel.

Wert thou the guide of life, mankind wo
know

A soft exemption from the worst of woe.
No more the powerful would the weak oppr
But tyrants learn to succour and to bless ;
No more would slavery bind a hopeless trait
Of human victims in her galling chain ;
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To soften misery by the deeds of love ;
And Avarice, from his hoarded treasures giv
Unasked, the liberal boon, that Want might li
The impious tongue of falsehood then wo
cease

To blast, with dark suggestions, virtue's pea
No more would spleen or passion banish res
Or plant a pang in fond affection's breast.

A COMPARISON.

SWEET stream that winds through yonder gl
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

HEAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
Cry to thee from the desert and the rock;
While those who seek to slay thy children hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold;
And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs,
That nurse the grape and wave the grain are
theirs.
Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
And this wild life of suffering and distress—
Watchings by night, and dangerous flight by
day,
And meetings in the depths of earth to pray:
Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.
O mighty God! soon shall thy frown look
forth
And terribly shall shake the earth.
The foul power of antichrist, and all
Long upheld idolatries shall fall:
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and opprest,
Thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.
BRYANT.

THE RISING MOON.

THE moon is up! how calm and slow
It wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world is still.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
Its little ripple heaves;
It falls upon the forest shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
The heavenly lustre spread;
The Gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendour throws;
Bright in the opening hours of life,
But brighter at the close.

The waning moon in time shall fail
To walk the midnight skies;
But God hath warmed this brighter life
With fire that never dies.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD. 153

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

HE THINKS it is good to be here,
You wilt let us build,—but for whom?
Or Elias nor Moses appear,
The shadows of eve that encompass the
gloom,
Abode of the dead, and the place of the
tomb.

Shall we build to ambition? Ah! no;
Sighted he shrinketh away;
Or see, they would pin him below
A small narrow cave, and begirt with cold
clay,

The meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.
O beauty? Ah! no; she forgets
Charms that she wielded before,
Or knows the foul worm that he frets
Skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore,
The smoothness it held, or the tint which it
bore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride,
Trappings which dizen the proud?
Nas! they are all laid aside,
Here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
The long winding-sheet and the fringe of
the shroud.

154 LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful
cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?
Ah! no; they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above,—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by
side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself would relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor
fear—
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one
here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no; for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies enow ;
 Beneath, the cold dead,—and around, the dark
 stone,
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may
 disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled ;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to
 the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

HERE AND THERE.

Here bliss is short, imperfect, insincere ;
 But, total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state ;
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts and troubles e'en the best ;
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.
 In a weak, simple body *here* I dwell ;
 But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here my best thoughts are stained with guilt
 and fear,
 But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.

There love of God shall perfect all
Here things, as in a glass, are dar
There I shall know as clearly as I
Frail are the fairest flowers which
There freshest palms on roots imm
Here wants and cares perplex my
But spirits *there* a calm fruition fi
Here disappointments my best sch
There those that sowed in tears
joy.

Here vanity is stamped on all belc
Perfection *there* on every good sha
Here my fond heart is fastened on
Whose kindness may, whose life r



THE WORLD RESTORED.

157

Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight;
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here, so imperfect is this mortal state;
If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate.
At every human woe I *here* repine;
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.
Here if I lean, the world shall pierce my
heart;
But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.
Here on no promised good can I depend;
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here, if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire:
But *there*, whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy.

H. MORE.

THE WORLD RESTORED.

THIS world was once a paradise!
When will it be again?
When sin shall have its overthrow,
And righteousness shall reign;
When sea and shore, hill, plain, and dell,
Shall own thy power, Emmanuel!
Who could look on this universe,
Its ever varied face,

But how hath man with wicke
The lovely scene defiled !
War, rapine, murder, cruelty,
Transformed it to a wild ;
And hateful spirits spread their
Like fiends in Eden revelling.

Bring back this world, great C
To thy benignant sway ;
Establish truth in righteousness
And haste the Gospel-day ;
Then might we hope this earth
As like to heaven as earth could

No longer sorrow roam and weep
Along thy wild, unfriendly shore,—

No longer watch, in tearless woe,
The lessening sail,—a last look giving
To all that brightened earth below—
To all that made life worth the living.

And then no more shall Hope embark
Her treasures on the uncertain main,—
To view the waves engulf her ark,
Ah! ne'er to yield it forth again!

And then our eyes thy changeful mood—
Thine ebb and flow no more shall see;
There shall be no vicissitude
When thou, its type, hast ceased to be!

And then thy storms shall never jar,
When those that vex the human breast,
Than thine more wild—more angry far,
Are sunk to long and endless rest.

When nought is left of doubt and pain,
When time becomes eternity,
When emblems none of thine remain,—
'Tis fit there should be "no more sea."

Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone
And death comes softly stealing
How silently!

Our lives are rivers gliding free
To that unfathom'd, boundless sea
The silent grave:

Thither all earthly pomp and pageantry
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In that dark wave.

The world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above:
So let us choose that narrow way

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come.

BISHOP HEBER.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear;
And fairest flowers succeed the snow,
And hail the infant year.

So when the world and all its woes
Are vanished far away,
Fair scenes and wonderful repose
Shall bless the new-born day;—

When, from the confines of the grave
The body, too, shall rise,

'Tis but a sleep—and then we
O'er dreams of sorrow fled.

Yes!—wintry winds have cea
And trembling leaves appe
And nature has her types to
Throughout the varying ye

HEAVEN.

THERE is a region, lovelier far
Than sages tell, or poets sing
Brighter than summer's beaut
And softer than the time of

THE TRIUMPH OF THE REDEEMER. 163

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene—
There, not a tear of sorrow flows.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is—THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE REDEEMER.

O BLEST Redeemer! from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs
won—
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred
name!
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their conduct prove their faith divine!
For only to thy Church confine thy ray,
’er the glad world thy healing light display;
To Judah’s remnant, now a scattered train,
Their land restore, and show thy promised
reign;

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O'er earth as wide, thy saving grace diffuse,
As spread the ambient air and falling dews,
And haste the time, when, vanquished by th
power,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more.

BOYD



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